With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.
Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your ſon in law is farre more faire then blacke.
1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*
Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.
Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.
Iag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?
Rod. What will I doe thinkſt thou?
Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe,
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.
Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.
Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſician.
Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.
Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.
Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that we are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of herbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

ballance of our liues
ſenſuality; the bloo
vs to moſt prepoſter
our raging motions,
I take this, that you
Rod. It cannot b
Iag It is meerel
Come, be a man;
pies: I profeſſe me
uing, with cables
ſteede thee then no
defeate thy fauour
purſe. It cannot be,
vnto the Moore,—
was a violent comm
queſtration: put bu
geable in their will
him now is as luſhi
Coloquintida: She
his body, ſhee wil
change, ſhe muſt.
needs damme thy ſ
make all the money
twixt an erring *Ba*
for my wits, and a
make money,—a
thou rather to be h
and goe without h
Rod. Wilt thou
Iag. Thou art
often, and I tell th
is hearted, thine h
uenge againſt him
pleaſure, me a ſpo
which will be deli
haue more of this
Rod, Where ſ
Iag. At my loo

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